PROPRIETOR-

16TH YEAR.

SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1889.

NUMBER 7.

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New York, August 1, 1886.
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public impel me to make the following
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My college career, at New Haven, was
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enfeebled me that, for ten years, I had a
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from the bronchial passages was the
result of almost every frosh exposure.
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ablest practitioners without avail. At
last I learned of

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A Priceless Blessing in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice, particularly among clergymen and other public speakers, perfectly cured by this medicine. Faithfully yours,

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OLD NEWSPAPERS, for wrap- Oklahoma, A BOOK giving full

DOLPH HEYLIGER.

B. WASHINGTON IRVING.

(CONTINUED PROM LAST WEEK.) Dolph Heyliger had now nearly attained his one-and-twentieth year, and the term of his medical studies was just expiring, yet it must be confessed that he knew little more of the profession than when he first entered the doctor's doors. This, however, could not be from want of quickness of parts, for he showed arraying aptness in mastering showed amazing aptness in mastering other branches of knowledge, which he could only have studied at intervals. He was, for instance, a sure marksman, and won all the geese and turkeys at Christ-mas holidays. He was a bold rider; he was famous for leaping and wrestling; he played tolerably on the fiddle; could swim like a fish; and was the best hand

in the whole place at fives or ninepins.

All these accomplishments, however, procured him no favor in the eyes of the doctor, who grew more and more crabbed and intolerant the nearer the term of apprenticeship approached. Frau Ilsy, too, was forever finding some occasion to raise a windy tempest about his ears; and seldom encountered him about the house without a clatter of the tongue; so doctor and his housekeeper were prepar-ing to beat the poor youth out of the nest the moment his term should have expired; a shorthand mode which the doctor had of providing for useless dis-

doctor had or providing for useless disciples.

Indeed, the little man had been rendered more than usually irritable lately in consequence of various cares and vexations which his country estate had brought upon him. The doctor had been repeatedly annoyed by the rumors and tales which prevailed concerning the old mansion, and found it difficult to prevail even upon the country man and his fameven upon the countryman and his fameven upon the countryman and his family to remain there rent free. Every time he rode out to the farm he was teased by some fresh complaint of strange noises and fearful sights with which the tenants were disturbed at night, and the doctor would come home fretting and fuming, and vent his spleen upon the whole household. It was indeed a sore griovance, that affected him both in prids and purse. He was threatdeed a sore grievance, that affected him both in prids and purse. He was threat-ened with an absolute loss of the profits of his property; and then, what a blow to his territorial consequence to be the landlord of a haunted house! It was observed, however, that with all his vexation the doctor never proposed to sleep in the house himself; nay, he could never be prevailed upon to remain

could never be prevailed upon to remain in the premises after dark, but made the best of his way for town as soon as the bats began to flit about in the twilight. The fact was, the doctor had a secret be lief in ghosts, having passed the early part of his life in a country where they particularly abound; and indeed the story went that when a boy he had once seen the devil upon the Hartz mounta ns

the housekeeper.

"Here's a fine to do!" cried she as she entered the room. "Here's Claus Hopper come in, bag and baggage, from the farm, and swears he'll have nothing more to do with it. The whole family have been frightened out of their wits; for there's such racketing and rummaging about the old house that they can't sleep quiet in their beds!" "Donner und blitzen!" cried the doctor

impatiently; "will they never have done chattering about that house? What a pack of fools, to let a few rats and mice frighten them out of good quarters!"
"Nay, nay," said the housekeeper, wagging her head knowingly, and piqued at having a good ghost story doubted,

"there's more in it than rats and mice. All the neighborhood talks about the house, and then such sights have been seen in it! Peter de Groodt tells me that the family that sold you the house and went to Holland dropped several strange hints about it, and said 'they wished you joy of your bargain;' and you know yourself there's no getting any family to

"Peter de Groodt's a ninny—an old roman," said the doctor peevishly. "I'll woman, warrant he's been filling these people's heads full of stories. It's just like his nonsense about the ghost that haunted the church belfry as an excuse for not ringing the bell that cold night when Harmanus Brinkerhoff's house was on

fire. Send Claus to me."

Claus Hopper now made his appear Claus Hopper now made his appearance. 18. Malwa's Revenge. A Novel. By H. RIDSH Model. 18. Model. By H. RIDSH Model. By Honorto Alexan, Js. No. 18. The Merchant's Crime. A Novel. By Honorto Alexan, Js. No. 18. The Merchant's Crime. A Novel. By Honorto Alexan, Js. No. 18. The Minadventures of John Nicholson. No. 18. The Minadventures of John Nicholson. No. 18. The Minadventures of John Nicholson. No. 18. Two Klesca. A Novel. By the author of "Dors No. 18. Two Klesca. A Novel. By Mast Caca. No. 28. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By Mast Caca. No. 28. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By Mast Caca. No. 28. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By Mast Caca. No. 28. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By Mast Caca. See Nat. A Novel No. 284. Page Ninety-two. A Novel. By Mast Cacus Stealing a fearful glance at the death's Stealing at Stea

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No. 200. Ge soon hot;" his patience was exhausted by these continual vexations about his estate. The stubborn refusal of Claus Hopper seemed to him like flat rebellion:

his temper suddenly boiled over, and Claus was glad to make a rapid retreat to escape scalding.

When the bumpkin got to the hous keeper's room, he found Peter de Groodt and several other true believers ready to AL BANK, receive him. Here he indemnified himself for the restraint he had suffered in the study, and opened a budget of stories about the haunted house that astorished all his hearers. The housekeeper believed them all, if it was only to spite A General Sanking Students. Collections made the doctor for having received her intelon all accessible notes:

Accounts of Merchants, Farmers, Stockmen and Groods matched them with many a others solicited. wonderful legend of the times of the Dutch dynasty, and of the devil's stepping stones; and of the pirate that was hanged at Gibbet Island, and continued to swing there at night long after th

house. The gossiping knot dispersed, each charged with direful intelligence. The sexton disburdened himself at a vestry meeting that was held that very day, and the black cook forsook her kitchen, and spent half the day at the street pump, that gossiping place of servants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time the whole

vants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time the whole town was in a buzz with tales about the haunted house. Some said that Claus Hopper had seen the devil, while others hinted that the house was haunted by the ghosts of some of the patients whom the doctor had physicked out of the world, and that was the reason why he did not venture to live in it himself.

All this put the little doctor in a terrible fume. He threatened vengeance rible fume. He threatened vengeance on any one who should affect the value of his property by exciting popular pre-judices. He complained loudly of thus being in a manner dispossessed of his territories by mere bugbears; but he secretly determined to have the house secretly determined to have the house exercised by the dominie. Great was his relief, therefore, when, in the midst of his perplexities, Dolph stepped forward and undertook to garrison the haunted house. The youngster had been listening to all the stories of Claus Hopper and Peter de Groodt; he was fond of adventure, he loved the marvelous, and his imagination had become quite excited by these tales of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at house without a clatter of the tongue; so that at length the jingling of her keys, as she approached, was to Dolph like the ringing of the prompter's bell, that gives notice of a theatrical thunder storm. Nothing but the infinite good humor of the heedless youngster enabled him to bear all this domestic tyranny without open rebellion. It was evident that the doctor's and his housekeeper were preparations.

termined that he should mount guard that very night. His only stipulation was, that the enterprise should be kept secret from his mother; for he knew the poor soul would not sleep a wink if she knew that her son was waging war with the powers of darkness.

When night came on, he set out on this perilous expedition. The old black cook, his only friend in the household, had provided him with a little mess for supper, and a rushlight; and she tied supper, and a rushlight; and she tied round his neck an amulet, given her by an African conjurer, as a charm against evil spirits. Dolph was escorted on his way by the doctor and Peter de Groodt, who had agreed to accompany him to the house and to see him safe lodged. The night was overcast, and it was very dark when they arrived at the grounds which surrounded the mansion. The sexton led the way with a lantern. As they walked along the avenue of accelas, the fitful light, catching from bush to bush, and tree to tree, often startled the doughty Peter, and made him fall back upon his followers; and the doctor grabbed still closer hold of Dolph's arm, observing that the ground was very slippery and uneven. At one time they were nearly put to a total rout by a bat

with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a toler-ably large hall, such as is common in American country houses, and which serves as a sitting room in warm weather. From hence they went up a wide stair At length the doctor's vexations on this head were brought to a crisis. One morning, as he sat dozing over a volume in his study, he was suddenly started from his slumbers by the bustling in of the housekeeper. case, that groaned and creaked as they closed, but as they were much broken there was no want of a circulation of It appeared to have been that sacred chamber known among Dutch housewives by the name of "the best bedroom," which is the best furnished room in the house, but in which scarce anybody is ever permitted to sleep. Its splendor, however, was all at an end. There were a few broken articles of furniture about the room, and in the center stood a heavy deal table and a large arm chair, both of which had the look of being coeval with the mansion. The fireplace was wide, and had been faced with Dutch tiles, representing Scripture stories; but some of them had fallen out of their places, and lay shattered about the hearth. sexton had lit the rush light; and the doctor, looking fearfully about the room, was just exhorting Dolph to be of good cheer, and to pluck up a stout heart, when a noise in the chimney, like voices and struggling, struck a sudden panic into the sexton. He took to his heels with the lantern; the doctor followed hard after him; the stairs groaned and creaked as they hurried down, increasing their agitation and speed by its noises. The front door slammed after them; and Dolph heard them scrabbling down the avenue, till the sound of their feet was lost in the distance. That he did not join in this precipitate retreat, might have been owing to his possessing a little more courage than his companions, or perhaps that he had caught a glimpse of

the cause of their dismay, in a nest of chimney swallows, that came tumbling down into the fire place.

Being now left to himself, he secured the front door by a strong bolt and bar; and having seen that the other entrances were fastened, he returned to his desolate chamber. Having made his supper from the basket which the good old cook had provided, he locked the chamber door and retired to rest on a mattress in one corner. The night was calm and still; and nothing broke upon the profound quiet but the lonely chirping of a cricket from the chimney of a distant chamber. The rushlight, which stood in the center of the deal table, shed a feeble yellow ray, dimly illumining the chamber, and making uncouth shapes and shadows on the walls, from the clothes which Dolph

had thrown over a chair.

With all his boldness of heart, there was something subduing in this desolate scene; and he felt his spirits flag within him as he lay on his hard bed and gazed about the room. He was turning over in his mind his idle habits, his doubtful prospects, and now and then heaving a heavy sigh, as he thought on his poor old mother; for there is nothing like the silence and loneliness of night to bring dark shadows over the brightest mind. By and by, he thought he heard a sound as if some one was walking below stairs. He listened, and distinctly beard a step on the great stair case. It ap-proached solemnly and slowly, tramp-tramp—tramp! It was evidently the tread of some heavy personage; and yet how could be have get into the house without making a noise? He had examined all the fastenings, and was certain that every entrance was secure. Still the steps advanced, tramp-tramp-tramp! It was evident that the person approaching could not be a robber—the step was too loud and deliberate; a robber would

either be stealthy or precipitate. And now the footsteps had ascended the startcase; they were slowly advancing along the passage, resounding through the passage of the passage, resounding through the passage, resounding through the passage of the passage, resounding through the passage of the passage, resounding through the passage of the passage, resounding the passage of the passage and passage of the passage and passage of the passage and passage of the passage and passage and passage of the passage and passage of the passage and passage of the passage and pass either be stealthy or precipitate. And now the footsteps had ascended the staircase; they were slowly advancing along the passage, resounding through the silent and empty apartments. The very cricket had ceased its melancholy note, and nothing interrupted their awful distinctness. The door, which had been locked on the inside, slowly swung open, as if self moved. The footsteps entered the room; but no one was to be seen. They passed slowly and audibly across it, tramp—tramp—tramp! but whatever made the sound was invisible. Dolph rubbed his eyes and stared about him; he could see to every part of the dimly

were nearly put to a total rout by a bat which came flitting about the lantern; and the notes of the insects from the trees, and the frogs from a neighboring pond, formed a most drowsy and doleful concert.

The front door of the mansion opened with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a toler.



A strange looking figure stalked into the robust, clothed in the old Flemish fashion. He had on a kind of short cloak, with a garment under it, belted round the waist; trunk hose, with great bunches or bows at the knees; and a pair of russet boots, very large at top, and standing widely from his legs. His hat was broad and slouched, with a feather trailing over one side. His iron gray hair hung in thick masses on his neck, and he had a short grizzled beard. He walked slowly round the room as if examining that all was safe, then, hanging his hat on a peg beside the door, he sat down in the elbow chair, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he fixed his eyes on Dolph with an unmoving and deadenbunches or bows at the knees; and a pair on Dolph with an unmoving and deaden-

Dolph was not naturally a coward; but he had been brought up in an im-plicit belief in ghosts and goblins. A thousand stories came swarming to his mind, that he had heard about this building: and as he had about this mind, that he had heard about this building; and, as he looked at this strange personage, with his uncouth garb, his pale visage, his grizzly beard, and his fixed, staring, fish like eye, his teeth began to chatter, his hair to rise on his head and a cold sweat to break out all over his body. How long he remained in this situation he could not tell, for he was like one fascinated. He could not take his gaze off from the specter; but lay staring at him with his whole intellect absorbed in the contemplation. The old man remained seated behind the table without stirring or turning an eye, always keeping a dead, steady glare upon Dolph. At length the household cock from a neighboring farm clapped his wings, and gave a loud cheerful crow that rung over the fields.
At the sound the old man slowly rose
and took down his hat from the peg; the
door opened and closed after him; he
was heard to go slowly down the staircase — tramp — tramp — tramp! — and when he had got to the bottom, all was again silent. Dolph lay and listened earnestly; counted every footfall; listened and listened if the steps should return—until, exhausted by watching and agitation, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Daylight again brought fresh courage and assurance. He would fain have considered all that had passed as a mere dream; yet there stood the chair in dream; yet there stood the chair in which the unknown had seated himself; there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat, and there was the door, locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs and examine the haddened before the chair placed against it. there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat, and there was the door, locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs and examined the doors and windows; all were extended to the same state in which he had it. ncily in the same state in which he had left them, and there was no apparent way by which any being could have entered and left the house without leaving some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph and I shall be delighted to meet himtered and left the house without leaving ms. Dickers is one some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph and I shall be de to himself, "it was all a dream;"—but it Harper's Bear. rould not do; the more he endeavored

same thing was repeated. Towards midnight, when everything was still, the same sound echoed through the empty halls—tramp—tramp—tramp! The stairs were again ascended; the door again swung open; the old man entered, walked round the room, hung up his hat and seated himself by the table. The same fear, and trembling came, over poor

seated himself by the table. The same fear and trembling came over poor Dolph, though not in so violent a degree. He lay in the same way, motionless and fascinated, staring at the figure, which regarded him as before, with a dead, fixed, chilling gaze. In this way they remained for a long time, till, by degrees, Dolph's courage began gradually to revive. Whether alive or dead this being had certainly some object in his visitation; and he recollected to have heard it said, that spirits have no power to speak until they are spoken to. Summoning up resolution, therefore, and making two or three attempts before he could get his parched tongue in motion, he addressed the unknown in the most solemn form of adjuration that he could recollect, and demanded to know what was the motive of his visit. was the motive of his visit.

No sooner had he finished than the old

man rose, took down his hat, the door opened and he went out, looking back upon Dolph just as he crossed the threshold, as if expecting him to follow. The youngster did not hesitate an instant. He took the candle in his hand and the Rible under his arm and cheved the tact Bible under his arm and obeyed the tacit invitation. The candle emitted a feeble, uncertain ray; but still he could see the figure before him, slowly descend the stairs. He followed, trembling. When it had reached the bottom of the stairs it turned through the hall toward the back door of the mansion. Dolph held the light over the balustrades, but in his cagerness to catch a sight of the un-known he flared his feeble taper so suddenly that it went out. Still there was sufficient light from the pale moonbeams that fell through a narrow win-dow to give him an indistinct view of the figure near the door. He followed, therefore, down stairs and turned towards the place, but when he got there the un-known had disappeared. The door re-mained fast barred and bolted; there was no other mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might be, was gone. He unfastened the door and looked out into the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so that the eye could distinguish the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so that the eye could distinguish objects at some distance. He thought he saw the unknown in a footpath that led from the door. He was not mistaken; but how had he got out of the house? He did not pause to think, but followed on. The old man proceeded at a measured pace, without looking about him, his footsteps sounding on the hard ground. He passed through the orchard of apple trees that stood near the house, always keeping the footpath." It led to a well, situated in a little hollow, which had supplied the farm with water. Just at this well Dolph lost sight of him. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; but nothing was to be seen of the unknown. He reached the well, but nobody was there. All the surrounding ground was open and clear; there was no bush nor hiding place. He looked down the well and saw, at a great depth, the reflection of the sky in the still water. After remaining here for some time, without seeing or hearing anything more of his mysterious conductor, he returned to the house full of awe and wonder. He botted the door, groped his way back to bed, and it was long before he could compose himself to sheep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[TO BE CONTENUED.] A Rare Opportunity.